

THE HEAT HUNDREDS PROSTRATED 97 DEGREES

NO RELIEF IN SIGHT

WEATHER—Fair To-Night and Tuesday; Hot.

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NIGHT EDITION

The



The World

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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PRICE ONE CENT.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 3, 1911.

10 PAGES

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SLAYERS OF HOTEL MAN ESCAPE POSSE AND HOUNDS, BUT LEAVE FINGER PRINTS

Raiders Shoot Down Julius Wiegel in Hempstead Turnpike House, Take Jewels and Money, Strike Wife and Get Away.

Bloodhounds, the oldest of police expedients, and finger prints, the newest, were invoked to-day to track down the band of men who killed old Julius Wiegel with lead early to-day in his roadhouse on the Hempstead turnpike, robbed his body and his till, and fled through a sparsely settled section of Queens Borough, with a posse of half armed, half dressed citizens behind them.

The bloodhounds failed, as they usually do. But by certain sneaky marks upon a toddy glass the Bertillon experts of Brooklyn Headquarters hope to fix the identity of at least one of the murderers.

Moreover, the victim's widow had a good look at three when she surprised them, a minute after they had robbed her husband, and one of the lodgers, who swapped revolver shots with them as they fled, was able subsequently to recall certain things about them that should measurably aid the authorities in identifying the fugitives.

USED TO BE IN KING'S COUNTY POLITICS.

Julius S. Wiegel sr., to use his full name, was sixty years old, a full-blooded, good natured man, who formerly took an active hand in Kings County politics. He owned a string of trotting horses, too, and used to race them at Lynbrook.

A few years ago he bought a roadhouse at Hempstead turnpike and Sherwood avenue, rechristened it the Sherwood, and ran it for the accommodation of Belmont Park visitors and long lads, and automobile parties. When racing ended at Belmont business fell off, but it picked up again after the park was converted into an aviation field.

Wiegel had his small tricks of ostentation. He liked to adorn his portly person and fat fingers with studs and rings and secret order charms and he customarily carried in his pockets a huge roll of money.

Yesterday was a good day for the Sherwood. Two amateur ball teams—the Queens and Cook's Old Timers of Brooklyn—played in a field near by, and players and spectators alike proved frequent and thirsty patrons, while the roads all day long were filled with automobiles and pleasure rias.

About midnight Mrs. Wiegel, whose first name is Elizabeth, went upstairs to her bedroom in the second floor of the old frame building, leaving her husband to count up Sunday's receipts.

NEIGHBOR SAID GOOD NIGHT AT 12:40 O'CLOCK.

Their son, Julius jr., had gone to one of the beaches. George West, the only regular boarder at the house and the son's partner in the electrical business, had been absent some time. Henry Stemer, who lives on St. Ann's avenue a short distance away, had had a farewell glass with Wiegel at the bar and had started for his home at 12:40 o'clock. At that time the whole neighborhood seemed deserted.

Mrs. Wiegel had been asleep some little time when a crashing volley of reports downstairs brought her out of

(Continued on Second Page.)

TORMENT GREAT, COURAGE ALL GONE, HE TAKES HIS LIFE

"Voices Suffocate My Better Self, I Am Irrevocably Lost," He Writes Cousin.

WANTS HEART PIERCED.

Demented and Diagnosing His Case as Hopeless, Armenian Inhales Gas.

Afflicted with dementia and diagnosing his case as hopeless, George Pouramara, forty-five years old, a raincoat designer, committed suicide to-day by inhaling gas through a tube in the room he occupied in the St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh street.

The suicide, who was an Armenian, left a long letter explaining his mental troubles. It was written in French and addressed to his cousin, William Schen, an employee of the Standard Raincoat Company at Nos. 16-17 East Sixteenth street. The letter ran:

My Dear William: Pardon me for the sorrow which this letter will cause you. I suffer so intensely that I can no longer stand this life. I thought I could conquer the harm or trouble by work as I did the first time. When this happened to me unfortunately I found out to-day that it is impossible to resist any longer. This morning yesterday I left the hotel to look for rooms. I was so worried that I took a resolution to put an end to the torment, which surpasses all description. My sickness is dementia—the worst kind of sickness.

IT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO SUFFER SUCH ILLS.

I conquered it the first time by the courage I gave myself by working. But this time all courage failed me. Don't blame me. It is a terrible thing to suffer such ills. Imagine your brain divided in two and subdivided, the elements opposing and fighting together, and against each other at my expense. For I cannot close my ears to ward off the trouble. Words fail to explain my thoughts. Night and day my thoughts make me think I am the greatest criminal on earth. Voices suffocate my better self. You will admit this step inevitable. I can't sleep any more. I ask you to forgive me. You have treated me like a brother, but I am irrevocably lost. Kiss all those that are dear to me and let them know what happened.

One of the States in the United States had an argument lately whether it kill people who suffered from an incurable disease. I see now that they were right. My last will is that my heart be pierced. Please grant that this will be respected. If any alienists wish to perform an autopsy on my head they are at liberty to do so. I kiss you with all my heart and beg of you not to weep. Your unhappy cousin, GEORGE.

P. S.—This is the 3d of July. You will find \$4.50 in my purse. Pay it for the extra day.

BEEN ACTING QUEERLY FOR A YEAR AND A HALF.

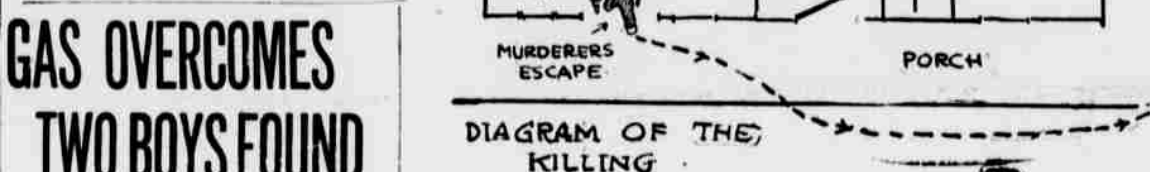
When Mr. Schen arrived at the St. Denis Hotel he informed the police that the suicide was an Armenian, born in Constantinople. He was highly educated and spoke eight languages. "He had been acting queerly for a year and a half," said Mr. Schen. "He was an expert designer and got big wages. Last January he took \$800 out of the bank and told me he was going back to Constantinople. Instead he went to Washington, where he suffered an attack of aphasia. He knew nothing until one day a month later he turned up on Spring street, acting so queerly that he was arrested and sent to Blackwell's Island. He had not a cent left of the \$800 and did not know where he had spent it."

"He was kept under observation in one of the hospitals on Blackwell's Island until last Saturday. Then he came to me and said he wanted to go back to work. He thought his mental trouble had been greatly relieved. I fitted him out with clothing and gave him \$5. He left my office about noon and that was the last I saw of him."

COTTON CROP OF 1911
LARGEST ON RECORD.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Official estimates of the cotton crop report of 1911 indicate that it will be the largest in the history of the country, approximating, according to the present figures, 14,425,000 bales of 500 pounds each, exceeding by almost a million bales the record crop of 1904.

Slain Hotel Man, His Roadhouse: How Raiders Escaped After Crime



SCENE OF THE MURDER. SHERWOOD AV. AND HEMPSTEAD TURNPIKE

DINING ROOM BOWLING ALLEY
POOL TABLE BAR BAR ROOM
MURDERERS ESCAPE PORCH

DIAGRAM OF THE KILLING

GAS OVERCOMES
TWO BOYS FOUND
IN COLD BATH

Youngsters Discovered in Water by Woman Who Opened Door.

When Mrs. Margaret McGill of No. 213 East Ninety-sixth street tried to get in the bathroom on the fourth floor of her house to-day she found the door locked on the inside. The door was forced open in the bathroom were found two little boys, both unconscious from gas. A gas jet in the room was turned on at full tilt.

The boys were identified as Sidney Suchs, eight years of age, who lives in the same house, and Isadore Deutsche, about the same age, who lives next door at No. 211 East Ninety-sixth street. Both boys were taken to the Reception Hospital.

No one in the house knew when they had gone into the bathroom. It is supposed that Sidney invited his young friend to come over and get cool, and that while playing in the room turned on the gas.

It was thought at first that the boys had hung their clothing on the gas jet and that in so doing they had turned on the gas, but a test of the fixture showed that it was much too hard to operate to permit any such accidental turning. It was 10:30 o'clock this morning when the boys were discovered and the neighbors thought that they must have gone to the bathroom several hours before that time.

At the Reception Hospital the doctors said that both boys had a chance to live.

CONSCIENCE HURT HIM.

Illinois Man Sends Collector Loeb Two Dollars for Customs.

A contribution of \$2 to the customs house "conscience fund" was received by Collector Loeb to-day. Here is the letter in which a crumpled \$2 bill was enclosed:

EVANSTON, Ill., July 1, 1911.
Dear Sirs:
Some time ago I past thru your custom house on my way from Europe and had in my trunk a article that I had to pay duty for, but did not at that time—now I feel I must and will pay it for conscience sake—I am a christian man and I enclose 2 dollars—the article was worth about 3 dollars—the article was cloth to an overcoat—will you excuse me for not doing it in right time hope you will receive it
S. S. Davis Street.

The World Travel Bureau
Arcade, World Building, 2345 Park Ave., N. Y.
Tickets and baggage for Hotel, N. Y. and other cities. Baggage and ticket checking room, open day and night. Ticket station, "Continental" checks and money orders.

MERCURY CLIMBS TO 97; HUNDREDS COLLAPSE IN RECORD HOT WAVE

Temperature To-Day, Highest Since 99 Mark in 1901, Drives Thousands to Beaches and Parks Seeking Relief.

ASPHALT STREETS SOFT UNDER TORRID SUN RAYS.

Entire Country Suffers in Grip of Fiercest Heat So Far This Summer.

Out of one of the hottest nights that New York has ever known in July, the sun rose in a pale, mist-veiled sky to-day to glare down on a parboiled, sweltering city. Following the exhaustion which yesterday and last night brought to people who could not get away for the three and one-half days' holiday vacation to the sea sands and green trees and the splashing of brooks, the return to work to-day was a miserable prospect.

Scores of people were prostrated all over the Greater City, beginning early this morning, the number increasing as the heat grew more intense. Most of the victims were sent home after being treated at some hospital. Many people who felt the preliminary symptoms of prostration made their way to the nearest hospital, where rest and treatment enabled them to return home.

Even on the airy perch of the Weather Bureau on the roof of the Whitehall Building, almost surrounded

KEEP COOL; IT'S ONLY NINETY

Only ninety, going higher—Keep cool if you can; Think of ice, don't think of fire—Sweet and get a fan! Keep your temper, curb your ire—You're not the only man; It's only ninety, going higher—Sweet and get a fan!

WEATHER FORECAST.

Generally fair, continued warm to night and Tuesday. Light variable winds, mostly west and southwest.

THE TEMPERATURE.

8 A. M.	87
9 A. M.	90
10 A. M.	94
11 A. M.	97
12 M.	99
1 P. M.	97
2 P. M.	97
3 P. M.	95

THE DEAD:

FRANK ROSE, aged seventy, of No. 100 First avenue; overcome and died at her home.

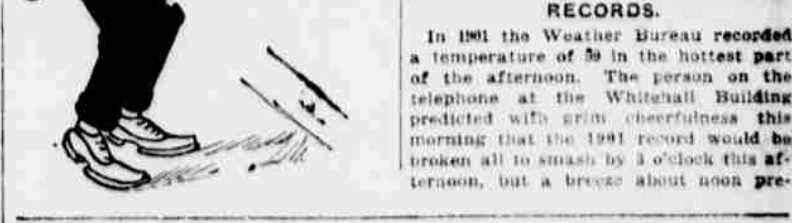
CHAMPAGNE

DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE A COLD BOY?

by the bay, with a clean sweep from all sides for every cooling breath of air—which, to tell the truth, were nowhere more than irritating hot puffs—the official thermometer marked temperatures constantly climbing toward the highest heat records. At 10 o'clock it was 94 degrees—a figure so high that many of those who got it from the Weather Bureau went back to verify it. It was followed by a reading of 97 at 11 o'clock, 98 at noon, 97 at 1 o'clock and 2 o'clock and 95 at 3 o'clock.

PREDICTS SHATTERING OF ALL RECORDS.

In 1901 the Weather Bureau recorded a temperature of 99 in the hottest part of the afternoon. The person on the telephone at the Whitehall Building predicted with grim cheerfulness this morning that the 1901 record would be broken all to smash by 3 o'clock this afternoon, but a breeze about noon pre-



The Evening World Will NOT Be Published TO-MORROW

GROWTH IN TEN YEARS.

During the first six months of 1901 (ten years ago) the Herald printed 59,753 more advertisements than The World.
During the first six months of 1906 (five years ago) The World printed 78,541 more advertisements than the Herald.
During the first six months of this year The World printed 280,597 more advertisements than the Herald.

10 YEARS AGO

First six months of 1901.	WORLD	457,762 WORLD ADS.
	HERALD	59,753 HERALD ADS.

5 YEARS AGO

First six months of 1906.	WORLD	882,029 WORLD ADS.
	HERALD	804,088 HERALD ADS.

THIS YEAR

First six months of 1911.	WORLD	700,241 WORLD ADS.
	HERALD	420,597 WORLD'S LEAD.

Comparison is made with the Herald, as no other New York newspaper prints even half as many advertisements as The World.